Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba, (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He hears with eares.

Euan. The Tevill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee hears with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did he, or I wou
come in mine owne great chamber agai
groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edwar*
that coſt me two ſhilling and two penc
Miller: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Si
mine, I combat challenge of this Latine
deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall
thou lieſt.

Slen By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good hu
marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-
me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, hee in the red
though I cannot remember what I did wh
drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay th
drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ig

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay
concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: bu
nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in
ly company for this tricke: if I be drunk
with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and
knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'
heare it.

Ma.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wi
within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *An*

Maſter Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. *Miſtris Ford*, by my troth you are
your leaue good Miſtris.